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GENEROUS MR. RYAN!



The Interborough-Metropolitan merger announces free transfers from the Subway to the Huckle berry trolley lines at certain point. and three-cent transfers between the Subway and Elevated lines at others. All the transfer stations are above One Hundred and Forty-fifth street; most of them are in Bronx Borough.

This is not "generosity." It is business. The three-cent transfers are given for short trips and will pay handsomely. The free Huckleberry transfers will increase a paying traffic in a partly built region. No such

transfers are offered downtown. With a generous profit allowed upon an honest capitalization, it costs three cents to carry the average passenger in New York-less than that in the Subway. The average cost diminishes as traffic increases.

"Generosity" begins when Mr. Ryan begins carrying passengers for less than three cents. Five-cent and eight-cent fares are expected to pay profits on nearly half a billion dollars of "watered" capital.

The people have power to make public-service corporations charge reasonable rates. But the fight to compel this would be long. It would begin in Albany, where the Gradys and Coopers, the Fitzgeralds and Gardners and McCarrens would fly to Ryan's aid as they did in the Grady "amendment" matter. Reform begins at the ballot-box.

A PRIZE WORTH THE EFFORT.

On a map of "New York as finished," showing the dates of completion of improvements under way, "Aug. 1, 1907, or sooner," is set as the day of opening the Steinway tunnel to traffic.

Is it settled? Has the Corporation Counsel passed on the moth-eaten franchise and pronounced it valid? Has the Mayor, acting on the City Club's warning, satisfied himself that everything is straight and above board? Has the Borough President renewed the construction permits he revoked?

Of rapid underground progress in a double sense the Steinway tunnel which extends from Forty-second street, Manhattan, under the East River to Long Island City, must rank as a notable achievement. With equal celerity it has advanced through physical and legal obstacles. None of the North River tunnels has been pushed with half the energy that has been put into this to complete it before the city interferes to prevent.

When it is done, eighteen months hence, the Belmont traction interests in Queens will have secured on nominal terms an entrance to Manhattan. They will have pre-empted a valuable right of way for which the city will derive a ridiculously inadequate compensation, and over which the Rapid Transit Commission will exercise no control.

The privilege of operating such a tunnel is worth millions. Will not the city even make an attempt to compel Belmont to pay for a proper

Coming Out.

By J. Campbell Cory.



A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story.



Mile. Tamara, terest by singing



he lielmiet of Na

CHAPTER VIII. Charles-Andre-Etienne-Marie.

(Continued.) ND how have you learned all this?" Uh, one hears.

It behooves you, Felix, to be civil to your

I made pretense of looking about me,

Quentin. And you?" "Touche!" I admitted bitterly enough. Little He's not one to forget an injury, this M. Gervais Marcel, my junior, my unquestioning follower in de Grammont." a position to patronize.

"Nothing." he as swered candidly. "When they are so far down the room one cannot hear a word. On your grave?"

In the affair of the pistoles they stood near the "Marcel, how is M. le Comte named?"

"The Comte de Mar?" Oh, do you

cabinet at this end. One could not help but hear, As for listening at keyholes I scorn it."

"Yes, it is well to scorn it. People have an un-pleasant trick of opening doors so suddenly."

They call him Etienne. Why do you ask? What pleasant trick of opening doors so suddenly." He laughed chcorfully.

"Old Vigo caught us, certes. Let's see, where was 1? Oh, yes, then monsieur put on his prouri look and said if it was a case of no one but his son and his cousin he preferred to drop the mathematical put on the property of the names of those myself to believe this horrible thing.

It was a certainty, then, Yet I could not bring myself the names of those myself to believe this horrible thing.

It was a certainty, then, Yet I could not burn to out in two words. I stood silent, not knowing how to start.

I looked at him, groping after the thoughts that myself to believe this horrible thing.

If was a certainty, then, Yet I could not burn to out in two words. I stood silent, not knowing how to start.

I looked at him, groping after the thoughts that out in two words. I stood looking at me, with the dreariest face.

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I ever saw—the face of a man whose son has sought the names of those myself to believe this horrible thing.

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I was a certainty, then, Yet I could not burn to out in two words. I stood silent, myself to believe the start was a case of those myself to believe the start was a case of those myself to believe the start was a case of the myself The two together came back to monsieur and denied up and down that either of them knew aught of his pistoles or had told of the secret to any one. They say it was easy to see that mon-sieur did not believe Grammont, but he did not give him the lie, and the matter came near dropping there, for M. le Duc would not accuse a kinsman. But then Lucas gave a new turn to the and then monsieur cried out to me;

picked him up at Mantes just before we came to the doorway.
the city. And if he spies on monsieur's chemies "Leave us, Marcel. Go downstairs. Leave that present when monsieur missed the pistoles. So "Now, Felix,"

of the pistoles in the very box monsieur had kept

"And then, pardien! the storm broke, M. d Grammont raved like a madman. He said Lucas was the thief and had put half the sum in his chest to divert suspicion. He said it was a plot lix to ruin him contrived between monsieur and his the henchman, Lucas. It is true enough, certes, that monsieur never liked him. He threatened me sieur's life and Lucas's. He challenged monsie and monsieur declined to cross swords with a Grammont goes at Lucas with a knife, and mon sieur has the guards pitch my gentleman into the street. Then M. le Comte swore a big oath that he would go with Grammont. Monsieur told him if he went in such company it would be forever. M. le Comte swore he would never come back under his father's roof if M. le Duc crawled to him

n his knees to beg him"
"Ah!" I cried; "and then?"
"Marry, that's all. M. le Comte went straight "One does with one's ears to the key- out of this gate without horse or squire. And we have not heard a word of either of them since."

He paused, and when I made no comment said, a trifle aggrieved: "Eh bien, you take it calmly, but you would not had you been here. It was an altogether lively "He sits here. I am page to the Duke of St. affair. It wouldn't surprise me a whit if some day monsieur should be attacked as he drives out.

the old days, was now indeed my better, quite in At the name intelligence flashed over me, sudden and clear as last night's lightning gleam. Yet

"Continue if you please, Marcel. Yet in passing I should like to ask you how much you heard of our talk in there just now."

"Nothing." he as swered candidly. "When they "Mordieu! what ails you? Is some one walking."

The Comte de Mar? Oh, do you mean his names in haptism? Charles-Andro-Etienne-Marie.

CHAPTER IX. The Honor of St. Quentin.

started and stared as I broke in upon them,

"How long has Lucas been here, Marcel? Who "Ah, Fellx! You have come to your senses."

"I will tell monsieur all, the whole story."

"Ob, he's a rascal of a Huguenot. Monsieur deked beyond me at Marcel, standing agape in the doorway."

"You

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With a cry Monsieur sprang to ward me. "You lie, you curl"

asking it, and said to the secretary: "You may go, Lucas."

demand covers an attack on your life The warning nettled my lord. He answered

"Welli" exclaimed monsieur.

ad hardly been able to hold my words back but by this time I had bethought myself what It was a certainty, then. Yet I could not bring while Marcel was disposed of.

Monsier I, Linear and Marcel was disposed of the names of those could not burn it out in two words. I stood silent, He stood looking at me, with the dreariest face

"You may speak before M. Lucas," he rejoined mpatiently.
"No," I persisted. "I must tell monsieur alone." How he knew—But go on. The others, not far from the St. Denis gate," I said, still beating against Yeux-Gris—him most of all, because he had won me so—that I could feel nothing else. I knew that I pitied monsieur, yet I hardly felt it.
"You may go Lucas." "Opposite is a closed house, shuttered with iron from garret to cellar. You can enter from a court "Tell me everything—how you met devillab." "The leader!" "I was want cost keep it from monsieur. But the thought never entered my head then. I was so full of black rage against Yeux-Gris—him most of all, because he had won me so—that I could feel nothing else. I knew that I pitied monsieur, yet I hardly felt it.
"Tell me everything—how you met devillab." "The leader!" "The leader!" "The leader!" "The leader!" "The leader in the sake of one." It was want to do awhite back, but the case was against Yeux-Gris—him most of all, because he against Yeux-Gris—him most of from garret to cellar. You can enter from a court Else I shall not believe a word of your devillsh ringleader!"

forgotten. "But the men." he cried, "the men!"

as well as he does on this household he must be as useful man. He has that long nose of his in everything, let me tell you. Of course he was smile,

The lane is nothing to me. The course he was thinking—the quickest way to of what he was the was the quickest way to of what he was the was the way to of what he was the was "Young men-noble."

He looked me in the face, and he knew I was telling the truth. Unexepcted as it was, hideous bely thing since he has touched it. He has made as it was, yet he knew I was telling the truth. I had seen cowards turn pale, but never the color washed from a brave man's face. The sight made my fingers itch to strangle that gray-eyed "Were it ten times true you have no right to

With a cry monsieur sprang toward me.

"No, monsieur," I gasped; "it is the truth." He let me go then and laid his hand on the collar of the dog, who had sprung to his aid. But minutes. Vigo and a handful of men can take monsieur had got a hurt from which the dumb them prisoners before they can suspect aught beast's loyalty could not defend him. He stood amiss. They are only three-he and Grammont with bowed head, a man stricken to the hear's and the lackey. core. Full of wrath as I was the tears came to But monsieur shock his head.

"It is some damnable mistake. You have been "Why not; monsieur?"

"No! They tric'ed me once. Not again! Not this time. I knew not who they were till now, when I talked with Marcel. The two things fitted."

"No! They tric'ed me once. Not again! Not 'Monsieur need not go," said I, wondering. In his place I would have gone and killed Yeux-Gris with my own hands. "Vigo and I and two more can do it. Vigo and I alone if monsieur would not

men were like? I had never seen M. le Comte nor you I would arrest my son like a common relon-M. de Grammont before. One was broad-shoul-shau e him like that?" dered and heavy, with a black beard and a black "He has so med himself!" I cried. I cared not scowl, whom the other called Gervais. The younger whether I had a right to say it. "He has forgutten was called Etienne, tall and slender, with gray eyes and fair hair. And like monsieur!" I cried, suddenly aware of it. "Mordieu! how he is like, though he is light! In face, in voice, in manner! go scot-free?"

"It was he whom you would not betray?"

me to the naked soul.

"How do I know that you are not lying?"
"Monsieur does know it."

"Yes," he answered after a moment. "Alas!

"Monsleur," I began, "the spy in the house is story. I wonder why I did not bury the shame heart amed Martin."

"Ah!" cried monsteur. "So it is Louis Martin. and disgrace of it in my own heart, at whatever cost keep it from monsieur. But the thought never go unpunished for the sake of one?" It was what

i.ucas protested.

"M. le Duc will be wiser not to see him alone.

He is not to be trusted. Perchance, monsieur, this trying to recall something half remembered, half

from my lightning vision to my gossip with But the men," he cried, "the men!"

Marcel in the antechamber, he listening in hopeless silence. At length I finished. It seemed hours

"The villain! the black-hearted villaia!"

"Take care, Felix, he is my son!" I got hold of my cross and tore it off, breaking guards use to him." the chain.

it vile-scoundrel, assarsin, parricide Monsieur struck the words from my lips, "It is true," I muttered.

sny it."
"No, I have none," I answered, shamed. I might

not speak III of a St. Quentin, though he were the devil's own. But my rage came uppermost again.
I can bring monsieur to the house in twenty

I cannot do that.'

. "Can I take my own son prisoner?"

He speaks like monsieur. He has monsieur's laugh.
I was blind not to see it. I believe that was why
I loved him so much."

But his eyes told me that he did mean it.
"Then," I said in more and more amazement,
"mansieur forgives him?"

His face set sternly. No." he answered. "No. Felix. He has placed "Aye. That was before I knew."

Thinking of the trust I had given him my wrath himself beyond my forgiveness."

boiled up again. Monsieur took me by the shoulder and looked at me as if he would look through him! Kill the three!" He laughed. But not a man in France felt less

mirthful. "You would have me kill my son?"

"He would have killed you. "That makes no difference."

I looked at him, groping after the thoughts that

"He is my cousin." "He forgets it."

'Monsieur, will you have no vengeance?"

Monsieur looked at me. u."
since he had spoken. At last he said, "Then it is "When you are a man, Felix Broux, you will "Pontou? The name is nothing to me. The true." The grayness of his face drew the cry from know that there are other things in this world besides vengeance. You will know that some injuries cannot be avenged. You will know that a gentleman cannot use the same weapons that black-

(To-Be Continueda)